# MIRAGE

BY

GEORGE M. P. BAIRD

STEWART KIDD

MODERN PLAYS

EDITED BY

FRANK SHAY

*Stewart Kidd Dramatic Anthologies*

# Fifty Contemporary One-Act Plays

Edited by

FRANK SHAY and PIERRE LOVING

THIS volume contains FIFTY REPRESENTATIVE ONE-ACT PLAYS of the MODERN THEATER, chosen from the dramatic works of contemporary writers all over the world and is the second volume in the *Stewart Kidd Dramatic Anthologies*, the first being European Theories of the Drama, by Barrett H. Clark, which has been so enthusiastically received.

The editors have scrupulously sifted countless plays and have selected the best available in English. One-half the plays have never before been published in book form; thirty-one are no longer available in any other edition.

The work satisfies a long-felt want for a handy collection of the choicest plays produced by the art theaters all over the world. It is a complete repertory for a little theater, a volume for the study of the modern drama, a representative collection of the world's best short plays.

CONTENTS

AUSTRIA
Schnitzler (Arthur)—Literature
BELGIUM
Maeterlinck (Maurice)—The Intruder
BOLIVIA
More (Federico)—Interlude
DENMARK
Wied (Gustave)—Autumn Fires
FRANCE
Ancey (George)—M. Lamblin
Porto-Riche (Georges)—Francoise's Luck
GERMANY
Ettinger (Karl)—Altruism
von Hofmannsthal (Hugo)—Madonna Dianora
Wedekind (Frank)—The Tenor
GREAT BRITAIN
Bennett (Arnold)—A Good Woman
Calderon (George)—The Little Stone House
Cannan (Gilbert)—Mary's Wedding
Dowson (Ernest)—The Pierrot of the Minute.
Ellis (Mrs. Havelock)—The Subjection of Kezia
Hankin (St. John)—The Constant Lover
INDIA
Mukerji (Dhan Gopal)—The Judgment of Indra
IRELAND
Gregory (Lady)—The Workhouse Ward
HOLLAND
Speenhoff (J. H.)—Louise
HUNGARY
Biro (Lajos)—The Grandmother
ITALY
Giocosa (Giuseppe)—The Rights of the Soul
RUSSIA
Andreyev (Leonid)—Love of One's Neighbor
Tchekoff (Anton)—The Boor
SPAIN
Benevente (Jacinto)—His Widow's Husband
Quinteros (Serafina and Joaquin Alverez)—A Sunny Morning
SWEDEN
Strindberg (August)—The Creditor
UNITED STATES
Beach (Lewis)—Brothers
Cowan (Sada)—In the Morgue
Crocker (Bosworth)—The Baby Carriage
Cronyn (George W.)—A Death in Fever Flat
Davies (Mary Carolyn)—The Slave with Two Faces
Day (Frederick L.)—The Slump
Flanner (Hildegard)—Mansions
Glaspell (Susan)—Trifles
Gerstenberg (Alice)—The Pot Boiler
Helburn (Theresa)—Enter the Hero
Hudson (Holland)—The Shepherd in the Distance
Kemp (Harry)—Boccaccio's Untold Tale
Langner (Lawrence)—Another Way Out
MacMillan (Mary)—The Shadowed Star
Millay (Edna St. Vincent)—Aria da Capo
Moeller (Philip)—Helena's Husband
O'Neill (Eugene)—Ile
Stevens (Thomas Wood)—The Nursery Maid of Heaven
Stevens (Wallace)—Three Travelers Watch a Sunrise
Tompkins (Frank G.)—Sham
Walker (Stuart)—The Medicine Show
Wellman (Rita)—For All Time
Wilde (Percival)—The Finger of God
YIDDISH
Ash (Sholom)—Night
Pinski (David)—Forgotten Souls

*Large 8vo, 585 pages. Net, $5.00*

*Send for Complete Dramatic Catalogue*

STEWART KIDD COMPANY

PUBLISHERS, - - CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

STEWART KIDD MODERN PLAYS
Edited by Frank Shay

# MIRAGE

## *Stewart Kidd Modern Plays*

### *Edited by* FRANK SHAY

To meet the immensely increased demands of the play-reading public and those interested in the modern drama, Stewart Kidd are issuing under the general editorship of Frank Shay a series of plays from the pens of the world's best contemporary writers. No effort is being spared to secure the best work available, and the plays are issued in a form that is at once attractive to readers and suited to the needs of the performer and producer. *Buffalo Express:* "Each play is of merit. Each is unlike the other. The group furnishes a striking example of the realistic trend of the modern drama."

From time to time special announcements will be printed giving complete lists of the plays.

SHAM, a Social Satire in One Act. *By Frank G. Tompkins.*

Originally produced by Sam Hume, at the Arts and Crafts Theatre, Detroit.

*San Francisco Bulletin:* "The lines are new and many of them are decidedly clever."

*Providence Journal:* "An ingenious and merry little one-act play."

THE SHEPHERD IN THE DISTANCE, a Pantomime in One Act. *By Holland Hudson.*

Originally produced by the Washington Square Players.

*Oakland Tribune:* "A pleasing pantomime of the Ancient East."

MANSIONS, a Play in One Act. *By Hildegarde Flanner.*

Originally produced by the Indiana Little Theatre Society.

*Three Arts Magazine:* "This thoughtful and well-written play of Characters and Ideals has become a favorite with Little Theatres and is now available in print."

HEARTS TO MEND, a Fantasy in One Act. *By H. A. Overstreet.*

Originally produced by the Fireside Players, White Plains, N. Y.

*St. Louis Star:* "It is a light whimsy and well carried out."

*San Francisco Chronicle:* "No one is likely to hear or read it without real and legitimate pleasure."

SIX WHO PASS WHILE THE LENTILS BOIL. *By Stuart Walker.*

Originally produced by the Portmanteau Players at Christodora House, New York City.

*Brooklyn Eagle:* "Literary without being pedantic, and dramatic without being noisy."

OTHERS TO FOLLOW. *Bound in Art Paper. Each, net, .50*

# MIRAGE

By
GEORGE M. P. BAIRD

CINCINNATI
STEWART KIDD COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

COPYRIGHT, 1922
STEWART KIDD COMPANY

PS 3503
.A5395M5
1922

*All Rights Reserved*

Applications for permission to produce MIRAGE must be made to the author, who may be addressed in care of the publishers, Stewart Kidd Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

© CI A683719

Printed in the United States of America
THE CAXTON PRESS

APR 20 1922
no. 1.

# MIRAGE

A Play in One Act

By

GEORGE M. P. BAIRD

## PERSONS OF THE PLAY

POLAINA, *a Hopi Girl*
GRAYSON STONE, *an Ethnologist*
CHRISTINE, *his Wife*
DR. JAMES HORMEK, *a Psychiatrist*
A HOPI WOMAN
ANOTHER HOPI WOMAN

# MIRAGE

## CONCERNING THE PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

*Polaina,*[1] *the niece of Chief Loloamai, is a nineteen-year-old daughter of an ancient Amarind tribe, and heir to a civilization different from, but in no essential sense inferior to, that of the paler peoples who have invaded its demesne. She is a "child of nature" perhaps, but by no means a simple one. Passion and stoicism, intellectual curiosity and superstition, frankness and guile, craving and custom, struggle within her. She is neither a pathetic fool nor a sentimental wanton, but a strong woman with an intense desire for happiness, an ardent love of life, and the courage to attempt their satisfaction whatever the cost. Polaina is dressed in a wrapper-like, blue, cotton gown which reaches slightly below the knees. Her right shoulder and arm are bare, and a scarlet blanket is flung over the left shoulder and fastened beneath the right armpit. There are brightly beaded moccasins upon her feet, and her legs are wound about with strips of white cotton cloth. Her blue-black hair is parted in the center and rolled in elaborate "butterfly" coils above her ears. These coils, together with the yellow squash blos-*

[1] Polaina = Butterfly.

*soms which ornament them, are a badge of virginity among the Hopi Indians. Her necklace, bracelets, and large, square ear-pendants are of hammered silver set with raw turquoise.*

*The First Hopi Woman is a middle-aged squaw, while the Second Hopi Woman is probably about ten years her senior. The faces of both are wrinkled with a thousand little lines. Their hair is stiffly braided, and their garments are similar to those of Polaina, though much more subdued in color. These women are the sibyls of the play, their function being not unlike that of a Greek chorus.*

*Grayson Stone is a tall, somewhat emaciated man, about thirty-five years of age. He is suffering from amnesia, superinduced by sunstroke and exposure, and has reverted to type. His hair and beard are brown in color and quite unkempt, while his face, arms, and bare feet are deeply tanned. He is dressed, Hopi fashion, in a faded blue shirt and nondescript tan cotton trousers. He wears a band of red cloth about his head.*

*Christine is a well-poised, good-looking young woman, blonde as to complexion, and obviously Back Bay as to social status. She wears an écru pongee motor coat over a blue summer frock, sun-hat, tourist veil, and stout walking boots.*

*Dr. James Hormek is a short, somewhat stout person, who would be singled out anywhere as a successful physician. He has a generous, sentimental nature which he tries to disguise by a brusque manner and clipped, incisive mode of*

*speech. He is dressed in tweeds, golf cap, and tortoise-shell glasses, and carries motor gauntlets.*

*The action takes place upon the roof of an adobe house, which forms one of the higher terraces in a Hopi pueblo. To the right and left the walls of another course of dwellings rise and are lost to sight in the flies. At the rear is a low battlement of sun-baked bricks, beyond which the silent desert and the purple waste of space stretch illimitably. A rude ladder leans against the wall, right, and the top of another can be seen projecting above the battlement. It is the hour before dawn on an August morning. Polaina is discovered at a stone corn-trough, down-stage, left.*

POLAINA (*grinding corn and singing*)
I-o-ho wonder-water,
I-o-ho wonder-water,
Life anew to him who drinks!
Look where southwest clouds are bringing rain;
Look where southeast clouds are bringing rain;
Life anew to him who drinks!
I-o-ho wonder-water,
I-o-ho wonder water,
Life anew to him who drinks!*

(*Two Hopi women bearing water-jars upon their heads enter from the left, rear. They put down the jars and squat beside them.*)

FIRST WOMAN (*wearily*)
Dry!

*See note on page 36.

SECOND WOMAN

The rock pools are empty.

FIRST WOMAN

The Well of the Eagles has failed.

POLAINA

But the spring beneath the yuccas, at the foot of the mesa? Even in the moon of thirst it has always given sweet water.

FIRST WOMAN

Dry, too. The clay bottom is a crust of mud burned like adobe.

SECOND WOMAN

Only the poisoned pool yields its palmful of bad medicine.

POLAINA

The old men say that there has never been so parched a summer; never so great a drouth in all the years since the gods, our fathers, fled to this mesa from the falling mountains.

FIRST WOMAN (*taking a gourd bottle from the folds of her blanket*)

I have brought the witch-water from the poisoned pool.

POLAINA (*surprised*)

What will you do with that?

SECOND WOMAN (*significantly*)

The thirst will soon be upon us. This is the milk of forgetfulness from the breasts of Death.

FIRST WOMAN (*nodding assent*)

When the throat is afire and the tongue hangs

like a blackened bean-pod between cracked, swollen lips, swift death will be good medicine.

POLAINA (*cheerfully*)

Do not speak of death; the rains must come soon. Uncle Loloamai and the priests have been three days in the Kivas below the earth, weaving the ceremonial cords of many colors and binding feathers upon the sacred bahos.[1] When the yellow line brightens in the east we shall plant them upon the edge of the mesa toward the dawn, and the climbing sun will bear our prayers for rain aloft.

SECOND WOMAN (*skeptically*)

Bahos! What virtue is there in prayers breathed to the turkey feathers and eagle feathers upon a painted stick?

POLAINA

Last year the Blue Flutes danced, the women planted bahos in the white dawn, and at sunset the rain clouds kissed the painted desert with a crystal kiss.

SECOND WOMAN (*looking sharply at Polaina*)

Some say it was not Hevebe, the Rain Lord, but the White Bahana[2], who brought luck, for it was on that day that our herdsmen found him nearly dead with thirst in the desert, and brought him to the pueblo.

FIRST WOMAN

The Great Spirit behind the sun had touched him, and the Drouth Demons feared him. The Heyapo, the rushing clouds, followed the trail

[1] Bahos = votive prayer-sticks.

[2] Bahana = white man.

of the mad white stranger. (*Touching her head.*) The queer are good medicine.

SECOND WOMAN

Polaina, this Bahana is your lover. Can you not make him work his strong rain-charm again?

POLAINA

He says that he makes no medicine, that he has no power. He does not even know whence he came, or his name, or the home of his people.

FIRST WOMAN

The sun brings forgetfulness.

SECOND WOMAN

He is not a man, but a child of the sun.

POLAINA

He is a man! (*Enigmatically.*) It is not well that a woman should be spouse to the child of a god.

FIRST WOMAN

Then you are to be his woman?

POLAINA (*touching the great wing whorls of hair on the sides of her head*)

I would cast aside the blossom of the squash for no other. For him alone would I let down these coils of maidenhood and plait them in wifely fashion.

SECOND WOMAN

The white corn and the red corn do not grow on one stock.

POLAINA

No, but they are ground in the same trough, and when the pika[1] is baked it is as sweet as bread from unmingled meal.

[1] Pika = cakes—"paper bread."

FIRST WOMAN

You know nothing of the Bahana's tribe. What if the gods should give back his memory and he should carry you far from your people to the Eastland, where the sun grows cold with cloud?

POLAINA

I should be happy anywhere with him.

FIRST WOMAN

Perhaps he already has a white woman for wife. Some day he may remember. The eagle flies far; but when the blood of dying day is red upon the canyon crest, he returns to his nest among the rocks.

POLAINA

For my Bahana there are no yesterdays. He was born again of the desert and the sun. The past is a mirage. Nothing is real but our love, and in it are all the to-morrows.

SECOND WOMAN (*dully*)

Unless the rains come there will be no to-morrow for the children of Muyinguava.[1]

(*A pause. Polaina continues at her work. The First Woman points toward the east, where the first light of dawn is brightening.*)

FIRST WOMAN

The spirits of the dawn are bending a yellow line in the east like a string to the great bow of the sky, and soon the blazing arrow of the sun will shoot upward to the cloudless heavens.

(*From below and at some distance comes the*

[1] Muyinguava = life-giving god — spirit of growth and fertility.

*rhythmic chant of the men as they file up from the Kivas or council chambers to make invocation to the Great-Spirit-Behind-the-Sun for the life-giving rains. They approach slowly. Their song increasing in volume for a time dies gradually as they move eastward toward the edge of the mesa.*[1])

(*Grayson Stone climbs halfway down the ladder, right, and stands silent for a moment, a dark silhouette against the growing light. He speaks slowly, almost colorlessly.*)

STONE

May you have good in your hearts, O women!

POLAINA AND WOMEN

May you have good in your heart, O Bahana!

(*He descends.*)

STONE

Will there be rain to-day?

POLAINA (*approaching him*)

Listen! The men are marching to the eastern cliff to pray for it. If the Demons keep the breath of the prayer-sticks from the Great-Spirit-Behind-the-Sun, the young men and the Antelope Priests must dance the dance of the rattlesnake to-morrow. Then surely there will be rain.

SECOND WOMAN

There will be no rain.

STONE

The sun is still beneath the rim of the desert, but it is already fever-hot. Give me to drink.

[1] Chant should be accompanied by drum (tom-tom) and Indian flute.

FIRST WOMAN

The springs are dried up. We have no water.

POLAINA

Is it true, my Bahana, as these women say, that in your country it rains many times and the sun is as pale as the moon?

STONE

My country! I have no country but this. I remember nothing earlier than my first sight of you as you bent above me and poured the living water, drop by drop, upon my tortured tongue. I have tried to recall the past, for I know that I have not lived here always. I must be of another —another tribe. But it's no use. When I strive to remember, I am like one in the darkness of a strange house where still things and living things are vaguely sensed, but are not seen or known.

POLAINA

Some day you will remember; and in that day I shall be forgotten.

STONE (*takes her hand*)

I must go on trying, but I shall never pierce the darkness. Yet, even if the lost should come back to me, if I should learn to remember, it would make no difference in our love, Polaina.

POLAINA

Are you sure, Bahana? That is a fear that is with me always. The call of the tribe is strong and blood will answer blood.

STONE

No, my Butterfly, love is a mightier magic, greater than all the powers, stronger than death

itself. You are my tribe, and when my arms are about you I embrace my only people. Love sits with us in the Council Kiva of Life, and who shall dare to make evil medicine where he abides? O little Butterfly, have you begun to doubt me? Have you ceased to trust my love?

POLAINA

No, no, I trust you! . . . And yet I am afraid. Though the coyote-cub be suckled by a dog on the roof of a chief's house, time comes when the ancient longing for the wide waste of moonwhite desert leaps in his heart and he answers the summons of the far-off pack.

STONE

I am not a wolf, but a man. I shall remain upon the roof of the chief's house.

POLAINA

You say that because you have not come to remember. Perhaps you once loved another woman, and when the thought of her returns I shall be left alone.

STONE

There can be no other woman, Butterfly.

POLAINA

The wells fail, the Demons are angry, and we must die of thirst unless the rains come swiftly. If you heard the call to return to the land of cloud and rivers, the call of life and love and your own people, you would go.

STONE

In life or death you are mine; I would not go. (*Pause.*) Come, you shall plant a baho for me on the edge of the mesa.

POLAINA

You are a white man, a Bahana! Can you believe in Hopi magic?

STONE

Our souls are of one tribe, and I believe in you. Come!

(*They go off stage, right, hand in hand.*)

FIRST WOMAN (*grinding corn*)

I grind the red corn and the white corn in one trough.

SECOND WOMAN

Meal is not bread until it has felt the fire.

FIRST WOMAN

How lies the corn in the Kivas on the Altar of the Six Directions?

SECOND WOMAN (*sorting corn*)

A yellow ear to the north, and a blue ear to the west, a sugar ear for the zenith of the sun, and a black ear for its nadir, a red ear to the south, and a white ear to the east. It is a powerful charm to lay them so, but to mingle them is bad medicine.

(*The southern dawn has come swiftly, and the desert begins to glow with the growing warmth of the summer sun. The light and heat increase in intensity throughout the rest of the action.*)

(*Christine and Dr. Hormek enter, left.*)

FIRST WOMAN

A red ear to the south and a white ear to the east; an evil charm and a bad medicine if they be mingled.

CHRISTINE (*advancing*)
Good-morning.

WOMEN
May good be in your hearts!

CHRISTINE (*illustrating her words with gesture and raising her voice as one does when one thinks the hearer unfamiliar with one's language*)
We wish to buy pottery—jars, you know.

(*The women indicate that they understand.*)

SECOND WOMAN
We have many beautiful pots. We will show.

(*The First Woman goes off stage, right.*)

DR. HORMEK
Now, don't be long, Christine. It's hot on this roof already, and in an hour it'll be unbearable.

CHRISTINE
Five minutes will be long enough, Dr. Hormek.

DR. HORMEK (*humorously petulant*)
That's what you said at Acoma, and it took two hours. O, you women! When the bargaining instinct gets you, the devil himself couldn't drag you away.

CHRISTINE (*bantering him*)
You'll remember, doctor, that I didn't ask you to come with me.

HORMEK
O, you didn't, eh? I suppose I'm to let you go wandering all over this godforsaken desert alone! I never should have permitted you to leave Havordton.

CHRISTINE (*tossing her head*)

Do you think that you could have prevented my coming?

HORMEK

No, I suppose not. But you'll have to admit that the whole thing has been a wild-goose chase. Now, hasn't it?

CHRISTINE (*seriously*)

I have not given up hope.

HORMEK

Ah, but you have! I can see it in your eyes. Your voice cries out, "No hope," even when you are protesting the opposite. Come, Christine, give up this silly business. It can mean but unhappiness for both of us.

CHRISTINE

I shall not give up until I have found Grayson, or have conclusive proof that he is dead.

HORMEK

Proof! Great Scott! Haven't you the word of the guides and the government agent for it? Your brother, who spent months searching the desert for him, believes he is dead. No man could live without food or water through an August week in these wastes.

CHRISTINE

The very fact that they found no trace of him convinces me that he is still alive.

HORMEK

For quixotic obstinacy, go to a woman, especially a married one! Here am I, trailing you all over this damned—I beg your pardon—this infernal country like a love-sick crusader when I ought

to be back home with my patients. Many of them are not half so crazy as I am.

CHRISTINE (*coolly*)

Well, why not take a train to-morrow? By starting now you will have plenty of time to reach the railroad.

HORMEK

I shan't leave without you; you know that.

CHRISTINE (*banteringly*)

For quixotic obstinacy, go to a man, especially an unmarried one.

HORMEK

I'm not good at repartee. Hang it all, Christine, I want to marry you, can't you understand that? (*She smiles.*) Oh, it's damned humorous, no doubt, and I'm making seven kinds of an ass of myself, but I can't help it. It's enough to make any red-blooded man fighting mad, to have a woman like you within his reach and be denied her by this gho—(*He is about to say "ghost," but changes it to*)—this romantic fancy of yours.

CHRISTINE (*serious again*)

Please don't say any more.

HORMEK

I shan't, if it pains you, dear, but honestly now—

CHRISTINE

There, you're beginning all over again!

HORMEK

Well, let me have my word out now, and I swear I won't trouble you again. We've been at every pueblo and white settlement in this benighted

region; you're ruining your health, and still no word of Grayson. I want you to promise that you'll go back home with me at the end of this week. (*He seizes her hand.*) Will you, Christine?

(*The First Woman returns with a back-load of pottery.*)

CHRISTINE (*hesitant*)
I—I don't know.

SECOND WOMAN
Pots of the butterfly and pots of the eagle, bowls of the rain-beast, and jars with the sign of Hevebe.

FIRST WOMAN (*displaying her wares*)
Paint cups, corn bowls, and water-jars.

CHRISTINE (*examining the collection with the eye of a connoisseur*)
The burning is not so good as that of Acoma. (*Holding up a small bowl.*) How much?

FIRST WOMAN
Three dollar?

CHRISTINE
One.

SECOND WOMAN (*protesting*)
The lady knows the best. Three dollar it is little.

CHRISTINE (*firmly*)
One.

FIRST WOMAN
Two dollar?

HORMEK
Give it to her and let's get out of here. (*Takes two silver dollars from purse.*)

CHRISTINE

It's not worth that much. (*Hormek is about to give the coins to the woman.*) She means two dollars Mexican; one of those is sufficient.

(*Hormek pays; Christine turns to go.*)

FIRST WOMAN (*taking a small jar out of a larger one and holding it up*)

Good medicine!

HORMEK (*taking the jar*)

I say, Christine, look at this one! Red and white, Greek fret, and (*Examining it closely*), by George, Greek letters—Alpha, Pi, Sigma!

CHRISTINE (*as if stricken by a blow*)

Why, so it is! (*To woman*) Where did you get this? It's not Hopi.

SECOND WOMAN

We make; Bahana paint.

HORMEK

Who?

FIRST WOMAN

Bahana, white man.

HORMEK

How'd he come to paint it? Who is he?

FIRST WOMAN (*touching her forehead significantly*)

A child of the mirage touched by the Great-Spirit-Behind-the-Sun.

SECOND WOMAN

The forgetful one who gives us luck.

CHRISTINE

Oh, if it is he!

HORMEK
Bring him here.

(*Second Woman nods and goes out, right.*)

CHRISTINE
How long has the white man been with you?

FIRST WOMAN
Since this time last year. We found him dying in the desert just before the rains came.

HORMEK
And he remembers nothing?

FIRST WOMAN
His mind is like a bowl before it is painted.

CHRISTINE (*moving impulsively toward the right*)
I must go to him!

HORMEK (*detaining her*)
No, stay here. Try to calm yourself. It may be a mistake. It may be someone else.

CHRISTINE (*hysterically*)
Let me go! You don't want me to find him, you, you—

HORMEK
Good God, Christine! Do you think I'm such a cad? You're getting hysterical. Brace up, girl, I don't fancy having a collapse patient on my hands in the middle of this blasted desert.

(*Stone and Polaina enter slowly, right. His arm is about her waist.*)

CHRISTINE (*rushing to Stone and embracing him*)
Grayson!

HORMEK (*the sentimentalist*)
O faith of woman!

POLAINA (*interposing and pushing Christine away*)
Go 'way, white woman!

CHRISTINE
He is my husband. (*She attempts to seize Stone's hands.*) Speak to me, Gray!

(*Grayson stands dazed and embarrassed and gives no sign of recognition. Polaina looks at him questioningly, and then turns scornfully to Christine.*)

POLAINA
Let him choose!

STONE (*oblivious of the newcomers*)
Come along, Butterfly.

(*Polaina smiles in triumph and puts her arm about him. Christine sinks to a seat on the ground and sobs hysterically.*)

HORMEK (*professionally*)
Brace up, I need your help. It's a case of fugue, I think. Pull yourself together and we'll save him yet.

(*Stone and Polaina move off. Christine stiffens and sits with tensely clasped hands. Hormek seizes Stone's arm and forces him to look at the "Greek" jar.*)

HORMEK
Did you paint this?

STONE (*slowly*)
Yes. . . . Yes, I painted it.

HORMEK (*pointing to the design and speaking in the even, deliberate tone which one uses with a hypnotic subject*)

Greek! Does that suggest anything? Alpha, Pi, Sigma! Greek!

(*Stone traces the letters with a labored finger and speaks dreamily*)

STONE

Alpha . . . Pi . . . Sigma . . . Greek . . . Greek letter.

HORMEK

Fraternity.

STONE

My fraternity . . . We . . . there was a girl . . . We danced there.

HORMEK

Our last college dance. Do you recall the girl's name? Christine?

STONE (*groping*)

I think, I think it was Christine. . . . Yes, that was it, Christine.

HORMEK

It was in May, our commencement night.

STONE (*piecing the ideas together laboriously*)

Christine, . . . moonlight, . . . Campus trees, . . . elm trees . . . Commencement . . . Christine . . . I asked her and she . . . she promised to marry me.

(*Christine is about to cry out, but is stopped by a warning gesture of Hormek*)

HORMEK

You married her. You married Christine.

STONE (*very slowly, as one emerging from sleep*)

Yes, I married her. (*Showing interest for first time.*) Where is she? Where am I?

CHRISTINE (*throwing her arms about him*)
Here I am. Don't you know me, Gray?

STONE (*his voice and manner changing to that of an alert, cultured man*)
Of course I know you. Why shouldn't I? How did you get here? (*Looking about.*) I don't remember coming to this pueblo. Where's the rest of the expedition?

HORMEK (*soothingly*)
In good time, in good time, old man. You've been very sick, y' know. Sunstroke.

STONE
Nonsense! Never felt better. What's the joke? How did *you* get here, Chrisie?

CHRISTINE
I came to find you.

HORMEK
And the devil's own time she's had of it.

STONE (*impulsively seizing Hormek's hand*)
Why, Jim Hormek, you old villain! You here, too? So I've been sick. How long have I been here?

CHRISTINE (*caressing him*)
A year, dearest.

STONE (*incredulously*)
A year? Surely not! Why, it was only this morning I left camp to look for a poison pool the natives told me of.

HORMEK
A year ago these Indians found you dying of thirst out yonder in the desert.

CHRISTINE
We have been searching for you ever since

Brother Jack reported your disappearance, and at last . . . Thank God! (*She clings to him.*) (*Pause.*)

HORMEK

I had given you up for dead.

STONE

And yet you kept up the search, like the faithful old friend you are.

HORMEK (*looking at Christine*)

Selfishness often travels the same road with love. You have only Christine to thank.

CHRISTINE

I could not have restored his memory; that part was yours.

HORMEK

Let it be for my atonement.

STONE

What have I been doing here? I remember nothing.

HORMEK

Living the life of a native, I should think; eating, sleeping . . . (*He stops abruptly and looks at Polaina. Christine does the same. Hormek and Christine exchange glances.*)

STONE (*apparently seeing Polaina for the first time*)

Why do you look at that girl so strangely?

(*There is an embarrassing silence. Hormek and Christine are evidently trying to think of the diplomatic thing to say. Christine succeeds first and says gently*—)

CHRISTINE

I—I think she has been very good to you, Gray.

STONE

Has she? Strange that I can't remember her.

(*Polaina clutches at her heart*).

SECOND WOMAN (*grinding corn*)

The eagle returns to his nest.

FIRST WOMAN (*sorting corn*)

A white ear to the east, a red ear to the south, and an evil medicine if they be mingled.

CHRISTINE (*weakly*)

I feel faint. (*She sways; Stone supports her.*)

HORMEK

The heat is becoming unbearable. (*To the women*) Any water there? (*They nod denial.*) You've both been under a big strain. Let's get out of here.

STONE

Yes, but first I must thank these Indians. (*Feels for money, but discovers that he is wearing the pocketless clothes of the Hopi.*) Have you any money with you, Jim?

HORMEK (*handing Stone a purse*)

I'll take Christine down into the shade. We'll start for civilization as soon as you can make your adieux. Don't linger, now.

STONE

Trust me, I shan't be long. (*He kisses Christine.*) Wait for me, dearest.

CHRISTINE

I shall wait for you. (*Christine, supported by Hormek, goes out.*)

(*Stone goes over to Polaina.*)

STONE (*formally*)
I have you and your people to thank for my life, and I am truly grateful. Take this, not in payment, but as a poor token of my gratitude. (*He closes her hand about the purse. She puts her hands behind her back, the purse drops unnoticed.*) What is your name?

POLAINA
You called me Butterfly.

STONE (*indulgently, as to a child*)
Did I? What a pretty name!

POLAINA
You are going away?

STONE (*in a matter-of-fact voice*)
Yes, I must go back to my people.

POLAINA
The coyote answers the summons of the pack. The eagle circles low at the she-eagle's call.

STONE (*somewhat puzzled*)
You mean that the white lady is my wife, and that I am going back with her?

POLAINA
Yes. What of me?

STONE (*mystified*)
You? I'm afraid I don't understand.

POLAINA (*passionately*)
Am I not your people, am I not your woman? Have you forgotten your oath, have you forgotten the kisses of Polaina? You loved me, and I gave you all my love—all! all!

STONE (*starting back*)
I kissed you? I said I loved you? I can't remember. No, no, I never did that!

POLAINA (*unwinding her maiden coils of black hair*)
Look! it was for you that I came out from among the maidens.

FIRST WOMAN
She spoke truly.

SECOND WOMAN
She was his woman.

STONE (*suddenly realizing her meaning*)
Not that! O, my God! What have I done?

POLAINA
In the sight of your gods and of my gods, I am your woman.

STONE
How shall a man atone for a sin he never willed to do? (*An agonized pause.*) What do you wish?

POLAINA
You, your love.

STONE
Whatever may have been, that is impossible now. I am already married.

POLAINA
She has no children?

STONE
No, but—

POLAINA
Judge then, which of us is more truly your wife.

STONE
I must go to her. I must go to her.

POLAINA (*strangely stoical*)
Yes, you must go. It is useless to fight against

the spell of blood, but in the eyes of the gods you will always be mine.

STONE (*torn with remorse*)

Is there nothing I can do, nothing that will give you back your life, your happiness?

POLAINA

The wells have failed, and the rains are not yet. A little while and I, with all my people, must journey to the country of the dead. My suffering is less than yours, for you must live with your thoughts.

(*A new light comes into her eyes, her body stiffens with purpose. Stone is too busy with his trouble to discern the change in her. She smiles.*)

STONE

Yes, life is often more cruel than death.

POLAINA (*lifting the gourd bottle*)

This is the last water I shall ever taste. Will you drink it with me for good-bye?

STONE

I cannot take it, when you need it so much. It may keep you alive until the rain.

POLAINA (*coaxingly*)

Will you deny me this last little joy? Drink, drink!

(*Stone drinks, hands the gourd to Polaina and she, too, drinks.*)

FIRST WOMAN (*springing up*)

They have drunk the—

SECOND WOMAN (*drawing her down*)

Peace! The milk of forgetfulness. It is better so.

(*Polaina raises and lowers her arms rhythmically toward the heavens. Her lips move rapidly as in prayer.*)

FIRST WOMAN

She is praying to the Master of the Rods of Life, she is praying for the rains.

SECOND WOMAN

No, she does not face the East. She is praying to the Demons against the rains. She wishes to die.

(*Polaina regains her composure. She seats herself and motions for Stone to sit beside her. He obeys.*)

POLAINA (*calmly*)

Forgive me. The sun has made me mad. (*She touches Stone's forehead.*) You, too, are fevered.

STONE

Yes, I feel as if I were in a burning forest.

POLAINA (*slowly, in a soothing voice, almost like an incantation*)

Your head throbs, your lips are like charred embers.

STONE

My throat is parching.

POLAINA

The morning wind is dead.

STONE

My eyes burn.

POLAINA

The desert is burning. It is wrapped in the flame of the sun.

STONE
The heat curves and wavers. The air stifles me.
POLAINA
You are very thirsty, very thirsty.
STONE
Yes, yes!
POLAINA
Your tongue thickens, your throat is a tortured coal. Thirsty, thirsty.
STONE
The sun beats like—like a thousand hammers on my head. I think I am dying.
POLAINA
Come, I will shade you with my blanket. (*She draws him to her and puts her blanket about him.*)
You are very thirsty.
STONE (*weakly*)
I must go; they are waiting.
POLAINA
You wish to drink, to drink, to drink. You are thirsty, very thirsty.
STONE
Water! Water!
POLAINA (*her arms about him, holds the gourd to his lips*)
Drink! (*He drinks.*)
STONE
My brain reels. (*He struggles to rise, but is restrained by Polaina.*)
I—must—go to—to—to drink! to drink! to DRINK!
POLAINA
No, not yet, my Bahana. You thirst. But you will not go.

STONE (*dreamily and in his first manner*)
Come, we will find cold water, and you shall plant a baho for me on the edge of the desert.

POLAINA
You have no wife. You have no wife, and you are thirsty. No wife, only Polaina.

STONE (*wandering*)
A wife? Don't tease me! You are my wife, Polaina.

POLAINA
The white woman is waiting, but you will not go. You will stay with Polaina, for you are very thirsty.

STONE
I know no woman but you. Water! Water!

POLAINA (*passionately*)
Kiss me. (*He kisses her.*) Have you forgotten your people?

STONE
I have no people. (*He claws at his throat.*) I'm dying with thirst. Water!

POLAINA (*holding the gourd upside down*)
There is no more water.

STONE (*frenzied*)
No water? You lie! (*Getting to his feet unsteadily and pointing into the desert.*) Look! The lake! Water! The lake, the lake!

POLAINA (*laughing, but without mirth*)
Mirage, like our lives.

STONE
No! No! It's real, I tell you. Water! Water! Come. (*He moves to the left.*)

POLAINA (*triumphantly*)
The desert gave you to me; the desert is my mother. I will go. We shall die in the beautiful desert!

STONE
We shall not die. We shall live our love beside the sweet waters.

POLAINA (*ecstatically*)
Our love shall not die. It shall laugh on the wind of the desert, when the morrow's sands drift over us. Come, my Bahana.

STONE (*embracing her*)
Butterfly!

(*They go out, left, in each other's arms. The voice of Hormek is heard below, offstage, right.*)

HORMEK
Ready to leave, Grayson?

FIRST WOMAN
The desert has conquered. They follow the mirage.

SECOND WOMAN (*grinding corn*)
White corn and red corn are ground and mingled. The pika smokes on the oven stones.

FIRST WOMAN (*in benediction*)
May good be in their hearts!

SECOND WOMAN
May good be in their hearts!

VOICE OF CHRISTINE (*calling*)
Gray, ho Gray!

FIRST WOMAN (*rising and turning her water-jar upside down*)
Tenkia! It is all finished.

SECOND WOMAN (*following her example*)
Aye, Tenkia!

(*They pass out slowly toward the left as the curtain falls.*)

## MUSIC

Polaina's song is the "Laguna Corn-grinding Song," while the Men's Chant is the "Lene Tawi" (Hopi Flute Song.) The words and music are to be found only in "The Indians' Book," by Natalie Curtis [Natalie Curtis Burlin].

## *Stewart Kidd Dramatic Publications*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| THE TRUTH ABOUT THE THEATER | *Anonymous* | $1.25 |
| BRITISH AND AMERICAN DRAMA OF TODAY | *Barrett H. Clark* | 2.50 |
| EUROPEAN THEORIES OF THE DRAMA | *Barrett H. Clark* | 5.00 |
| CONTEMPORARY FRENCH DRAMATISTS | *Barrett H. Clark* | 2.50 |
| FOUR PLAYS OF THE FREE THEATER | *Barrett H. Clark* | 2.50 |
| THE PROVINCETOWN PLAYS | *Geo. Cram Cook & Frank Shay, Editors* | 2.50 |
| THE TWO CROMWELLS | *Liddell DeLesseline* | 1.50 |
| PLAYS AND PLAYERS | *Walter Prichard Eaton* | 3.00 |
| THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES | *Prof. Jos. Edward Harry* | 1.25 |
| THE CHANGING DRAMA | *Archibald Henderson* | 2.50 |
| EUROPEAN DRAMATISTS | *Archibald Henderson* | 3.00 |
| GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: HIS LIFE AND WORKS | *Archibald Henderson* | 7.50 |
| SHORT PLAYS | *Mary MacMillan* | 2.50 |
| MORE SHORT PLAYS | *Mary MacMillan* | 2.50 |
| THE GIFT | *Margaret Douglas Rogers* | 1.00 |
| COMEDIES OF WORDS AND OTHER PLAYS | *Arthur Schnitzler, Translated by Pierre Loving* | 2.50 |
| FIFTY CONTEMPORARY ONE-ACT PLAYS | *Compiled by Frank Shay & Pierre Loving* | 5.00 |
| THE BEST SHORT PLAYS, 1920–1921 | *Edited by Frank Shay* | 2.50 |
| TEN ONE-ACT COMEDIES | *Edited by Frank Shay* | 2.50 |
| LUCKY PEHR | *August Strindberg* Translated by Velma Swanston Howard | 2.50 |
| EASTER | *August Strindberg* Translated by Velma Swanston Howard | 2.50 |
| THE HAMLET PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION | *Emerson Venable* | 1.50 |
| PORTMANTEAU PLAYS | *Stuart Walker, net* | 2.50 |
| MORE PORTMANTEAU PLAYS | *Stuart Walker, net* | 2.50 |
| PORTMANTEAU ADAPTATIONS | *Stuart Walker, net* | 2.50 |
| THREE PLAYS | *Stark Young* "MADRETTA", "AT THE SHRINE", "ADDIO". | 1.35 |

### *Stewart Kidd Modern Plays*

Edited by FRANK SHAY

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| MANSIONS | *Hildegarde Flanner* | .50 |
| THE SHEPHERD IN THE DISTANCE | *Holland Hudson* | .50 |
| HEARTS TO MEND | *H. A. Overstreet* | .50 |
| SHAM | *Frank G. Tompkins* | .50 |
| SIX WHO PASS WHILE THE LENTILS BOIL | *Stuart Walker* | .50 |
| THE EMPEROR JONES | *Eugene O'Neill* | .50 |
| SWEET AND TWENTY | *Floyd Dell* | .50 |
| TWO SLATTERNS AND A KING | *Edna St. Vincent Millay* | .50 |
| *More to follow* | | |

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 012 226 113 A

*Stewart Kidd Plays*

# MASTERPIECES OF MODERN SPANISH DRAMA

EDITED, WITH A PREFACE, BY

## BARRETT H. CLARK

"A volume that will prove of unusual interest to lovers of the theatre."—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

The collection of plays in this volume has a distinct value, representing, as it does, three varied aspects of the dramatic genius of Spain—Echegaray, Galdós and Guimerá, the Catalonian Nationalist.

Two of the plays, the "Duchess of San Quentin" and "Daniela," have never before been translated.

Mr. Clark, the editor, who is well-known to all lovers and students of the drama, gives, in his prefaces, a concise and illuminating survey of the drama in Spain, both old and new.

Each play is preceded by a biographical sketch and a complete chronological list of the dramatist's works.

THE GREAT GALEOTO, a tragedy, by José Echegaray, translated by Eleanor Bontecou (presented to the American public by Wm. Faversham, under the title "The World and his Wife") ....."an instance of Echegaray's melodramatic and essentially Spanish genius."

DANIELA, a tragic drama, by Angel Guimerá, translated by John Garrett Underhill. "Daniela comes to us with all the force of a new sensation, ....by virtue of the profound and tragic poetry of its theme. (It) is of the great order."—The Dial.

THE DUCHESS OF SAN QUENTIN, a comedy, by Benito Pérez-Galdós, translated by Philip M. Hayden. "Galdós has done a rare bit of character portrayal."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"All the plays are essentially racial and as such will deeply interest the student of European Drama."—Argonaut.

12MO, SILK CLOTH, NET $2.50

*Send for Complete Dramatic Catalogue*

STEWART KIDD COMPANY

PUBLISHERS CINCINNATI, U. S. A.